

# The Athens Post.

BY SAM. P. IVINS.

ATHENS, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY, AUGUST 27, 1869.

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## TERMS:

THE POST IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY, AT TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.  
No attention paid to orders for the paper unless accompanied by the cash.  
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All letters addressed to the Proprietor will be promptly attended to.  
Communications, to secure insertion, must be accompanied by the name of the authors.

## The Post.

Athens, Friday, August 27, 1869.

### Cocke County.

The vote of Cocke County has at last been received. It stands 511 for Senter and 583 for Stokes.

### Good for Delano.

It is said Commissioner Delano has organized a new set of tobacco revenue stamps, certain denominations of which are to be adorned with a counterfeit presentment of his ugly mug.

### Resigned.

The public will be pained to learn that the Rev. Herman Bokum has resigned his position as Commissioner of Immigration for Tennessee. Father Bokum will have his future residence at Atlanta.

### A New Machine.

A Tennesseean has invented a machine for cleaning cotton which takes the bolls just as they are gathered and converts them by a single process into a ribbon of spun cotton, composed of filaments laid parallel to one another, and in much better condition than cotton prepared in the old-fashioned way.

### Michigan.

A dispatch from Michigan says:—From present appearances the corn crop in this vicinity will be far below the average. With warm weather during the fall, and no early frosts, the yield will be somewhat over half an average crop. Many fields are already injured past recovery by the wet and cold.

### Plato's Philosophy.

The advice of Nelson Plato, the Mayor of Corpus Christi, Texas, to Ben Butler, not to waste his money on the Texas election in favor of the radical Davis, but to employ it in liberalizing the local laws of Massachusetts, the prohibitory liquor law included. Plato makes a good show for the political position of Texas, and it is decidedly against the radical carpet-baggers and interlopers.

### A Split in Maryland.

A serious split has occurred in the Republican party in Maryland, which is widened by the conduct of Postmaster-General Creswell. One wing of the party, headed by Judge Bond, is out in a card denouncing the Baltimore American and the Fulton family generally. Creswell belongs to the Fulton faction, and it is charged has used the Federal patronage in Maryland to crush out the Bond faction. The "spoils" is what ruined the party in Tennessee.

### Whisky and Tobacco.

The national revenue from distilled spirits for the last fiscal year is given at \$13,800,000, and from tobacco, in various shapes and forms, at \$22,200,000, making the handsome sum of over \$36,000,000 for the Treasury from these costly luxuries of whisky and tobacco. We say costly, for probably more than one-sixth of the labor of the United States is expended in the production, preparation, transportation and sale, to say nothing of the consumption, of whisky and tobacco. What a theme is here for our temperance philosophers!

### Can Such Things Be, Canby?

That while the despot of France is opening the prison doors to political offenders, and granting universal amnesty to other classes of prisoners, can it be that you, Canby, in this free republic, have the conscience to insist upon the rigid application of a form of oath—giving your own interpretation thereto, by the way—that was only intended for operation at a certain critical period, now long since passed and gone? Verily, there seems to be more justice and moderation in imperial France than in republican Virginia under thy rule, Canby!

The first bale of the new crop Southern cotton was received in Boston on the 17th. It was put up at auction, and after a spirited competition, bid off at 40 cents per pound.

### Dent after the Cabinet.

Judge Dent is becoming warmed up by the hostility exhibited by the administration towards the National Republican party of the South.

The Judge is not particularly ambitious to be made Governor of Mississippi, but he is ambitious to serve the people of that State, and he intends, therefore, to do everything in his power to accomplish his own nomination and election. He holds Boutwell and Creswell mainly responsible for the tergiversation of his presidential brother-in-law on the subject of Southern politics, and therefore pitches into them without gloves. He has addressed a scathing letter to Secretary Boutwell, and intends to address another one to Postmaster-General Creswell, couched in still stronger terms. In his proposed Creswell letter, Judge Dent will reveal the rebel antecedents of the Postmaster-General, and explain why it was that Creswell was a rebel in the commencement of the war and afterwards turned over to the Union side, becoming one of the most bitter Radicals, and a persecutor of rebels.

### Chase Favoring a New Party.

It is said that just after the result of the Virginia election became known Chief Justice Chase wrote a confidential letter to a prominent politician in this State, an old friend of his, wherein he expressed much gratification at the defeat of the bitter enders in Virginia, and rejoiced over the success of the Conservatives. The Chief Justice expressed the hope that results similar to that in Virginia would be produced in Tennessee, Mississippi and Texas, and strongly hinted that in his opinion the Republican party had served its day, and the time was at hand when a new Conservative party should be formed which would embrace the moderate men of all existing parties. This letter was kept very quiet for some time, but after our election was over the gentleman to whom it was addressed seemed to consider the seal of secrecy removed, and showed it around quite freely. He refused, however, to give it to the press.

### Rosecrans' Little Game.

We have to go to a Western paper to learn that General Rosecrans' little game in declining the nomination for Governor of Ohio was founded upon an intention to proceed to New York, and, if possible, form a grand company for the purpose of constructing a railroad from the city of Mexico to Acapulco, on the Pacific coast. That is a splendid scheme, and if Rosecrans succeeds in carrying it out he is likely to find himself better off than if he were elected Governor of Ohio ten times over. But Rosey talks too much. His vanity will not permit him to keep a secret no matter how good a thing he has in hand. And it would not be surprising if this new project of a railroad from the city of Mexico to the Pacific coast was to result in profit to others than himself just from this premature ventilation of his design in an obscure town in the interior of Mexico. Let General Rosecrans emulate General Grant and keep his mouth shut.

### Grant and Colfax Losing Ground.

A prominent politician of Indiana, who arrived in Washington last week, gives it as his opinion that the Democrats will be successful at the local elections in that State this fall. The dissatisfaction with the administration is very great, and has been brought about by the character of Grant's appointments, his lack of a decided foreign policy and the extravagance of the Congressional travelling committees. Colfax, this gentleman says, has lost whatever popularity he had in Indiana, and a strong party of politicians is being organized to oppose his aspirations to the Presidency. The Republicans have all lost confidence in Grant, and are bitterly regretting his election. The gentleman who brings this report was a delegate to the Chicago Convention and the most prominent manipulator for the nomination of Colfax.

### Not Your Put In.

The Albany (N. Y.) Evening Journal prefers that Andy Johnson should be sent to the U. S. Senate from this State instead of Emerson Etheridge, for the reason that while the former is a "pestilent fellow" he has originality of character and a "rude but capacious intellect," the latter is "a loose, vulgar fellow, of low instincts and of a most unwholesome reputation." It is likely, we are happy to state, that our Legislature will select a Senator without consulting such prejudiced oracles as the Albany Radical mouthpiece. When we want your advice, Mr. Journal, we'll inform you by grape-vine.

Business people who fail in order to succeed, generally become bankrupt in reputation. Altitudes are never reached by going down hill.

### Pollard and His Book.

The Chicago Tribune has the following complimentary notice of "Pollard and His Book":

Whatever may have been the record of Mr. Pollard during the war—and of that very little is known—his record since the war is sufficiently clear. No literary man in the South has thrust himself before the people so frequently and so conspicuously as he. From the day that Grant's triumphal forces entered the gates of Richmond he has been the evil genius of the attempted Southern Confederacy. He had apparently not a friend among the leaders of the rebellion. He distrusted every political move upon the board. He saw distinctly why every military movement failed. Through the spectacles which he wore, he saw treachery in every political gathering, insincerity in every military council, unfitness for position in every prominent man. With an egotism which approaches the sublime, he declares in the whole spirit and purpose of this book, "I was the man to have guided the fortunes of the Confederacy. Had my counsels prevailed, order would have come out of chaos and victory out of defeat." He is not only a Jeremiah weeping over the ruins, but he is a sort of literary Nemesis, pointing with relentless finger at the havoc which has resulted from not taking him into the councils and investing him with the scepter. Every page of this book may be summed up in the words, "Did I not tell you so?" Why this man, gifted with such presence and prophetic faculties, was not placed at the head of affairs, or at least made the hidden oracle of consultation, it is difficult to see. That he was not so, is evidently the hidden motive of his book. *How the bargain.*

### Reputation—Mr. Etheridge.

The Times, published at Milan, Tennessee, reports a speech of Hon. Emerson Etheridge, delivered there on the 23d of August. A portion of it seems to have been devoted to a discussion of the public debt, State and National. We quote as follows:

Mr. Etheridge alluded to the national debt, and said it would have to be paid or repudiated. He said that the people would hear many speeches in favor of repudiating it before many years. He was a non-repudiator, but there were many who were, and Mr. Etheridge furnished arguments sufficient to make a good repudiation speech. No nation had ever paid a larger war debt. He exhibited some confidential money, which served to pay the war debt of the revolution, but it was not bonded and repudiated.

Mr. Etheridge handled the extravagance and folly of our State officials in a satisfactory manner. The debt of Tennessee is \$4,000,000. Estimating the population of the State at 1,400,000, it would require a tax of \$27 on every man, woman and child, black and white, in the State, to liquidate the debt. The national debt per capita would be \$67. To pay both, every man, woman and child in Tennessee would have to be assessed \$94.

Mr. Etheridge said he would not pay a dollar of the twenty millions contracted by Brownlow and his irresponsible Legislature.

Mr. Etheridge's speech was logical and eloquent, and we regret that our space prevents our giving even a skeleton report of it.

### The Notorious Hildebrand.

The St. Louis Democrat of the 17th contains the following about the notorious Sam Hildebrand, and the efforts to capture him:

Col. Wm. D. Bowen, in charge of the posse recently on the hunt after Hildebrand, arrived in this city yesterday. He reports Hildebrand still in St. Francis county, but nothing new has transpired since the skirmish on the evening of the 8th and the morning of the 11th.

On Sunday Sheriff Murphy received the following letter, which was mailed at St. Louis on the 10th to Bondville, and remailed on the 13th. Whether bogus or not, of course is not known. We give it in all peculiar originality.—Col. Bowen will return to-day:

ST. LOUIS, MO., AUG. 10, 1869.

My dear Bowen, Murphy and others:—Gentlemen: We have been recently a little fortunate in our ability to resist capture. We could have killed every man one of you had we felt disposed. We will not shed blood unless forced to do so. We hope you will take warning in time. If your lives are of value to you stay at home. If we catch you out in the woods we may send you all to hell. Don't force us to such a measure. We are not a mere handful. The catching of Hildebrand will be one of the dearest things ever attempted. If you love your firesides and your altars, stay at home.

HEADQUARTERS.

P. S.—We did not want to kill Bowen. But if he don't stay at home now, we will send him home the next time. Remember, if you want to avoid hell, blood and thunder, keep out of the woods.

An ex-Confederate soldier, who passed through Sumpter, South Carolina, a few days ago, said that when he left Johnson's Island, in December last, there were eighty-six Confederate soldiers at that place who had not been home or heard from their friends since the war.

A European traveler speaks of the good time coming when a traveler will have only to stick a shilling point on his hat to travel to whatever point he may please.

### A Pleasing Picture.

The New York Herald, which daily touches every subject, is just now engaged with the coming Chinaman.—Closing an article on the subject, we find the following encouraging picture, with a wholesome admonition at the end:

It is impossible, says the Herald, in considering this subject not to be struck with the many present signs indicative of the great future of this country.—The enterprise of our people is such that we cannot wait until our native population covers and utilizes our vast territory. Our fields must be ploughed, our mines worked, our factories run if we should bring laborers from all lands. Europe pours her surplus population in upon us by increasing thousands every year. There is room and work for all. We have them all, and to spare.—The emigration fever which has so long raged in the nations of Northwestern Europe has spread its contagion to Asia. China and Japan have both caught it, and it is not unreasonable to conclude that within the next decade we shall count among our population many millions of Asiatics. Under the hand of industry the South will again become a fruitful garden, and free labor will do what slavery never could accomplish. The Pacific slope will present in reality and on a gigantic scale, the plentifulness and the luxurious beauty of the fabled gardens of the East. Our great Western wilderness will be reclaimed, and where are now the mighty forest and the far-spreading prairie, the home of the Indian and the buffalo, there will be seen not only the fruitful field and the happy home, but the peaceful village, and it may be also the great and wicked city. Our multiplied and multiplying railroad and telegraphic lines will bind up the mighty whole and give it cohesion and force. Among the nations of the earth we shall have no rival. The great empire of the past, the mightiest the world has known, will sink into insignificance in comparison with the Great Republic of the West. Our influence on the outside world will be tremendous. Our word will be law. "I am an American citizen" will be a boast which has had nothing to compare with it since Rome was in the zenith of her glory. Our chances, indeed, are so great that it is scarcely possible for us to abuse them. It is well for us, however, to bear in mind that nations, like individuals, may sin, and that if we do sin retribution sooner or later will follow.

### Brave Words, and True.

The following short article from the Richmond Examiner contains about all that can be said on the subject:

"We do earnestly desire to be spared from politics—altogether from Federal, and as much as possible from State. The object of all politics is to strengthen or build up States; and our politics is, therefore, non-politics. What we need is work, well-directed work.—Agriculture, manufactures, commerce, is politics enough for us. These will ultimately bring us power, while words—words—words will merely obstruct our aims. We have lost eighty odd years talking politics, and while we talked, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, grew. We practiced law and ran for the Legislature; they pursued money. The pursuit of money is the road to power. It is the banker, the great merchant, who rules, not the attorney. It is the merchant princes of New York who live in palaces—real palaces—like those on the Canal at Venice, or along the Arno at Florence—and who have their splendid equipages, and their European tours, and their Burgundy, and their Murillos. How much power has Hon. State-rights Bowdler, ex-member of Congress for Virginia, candidate for Governor, member of the Democratic National Committee? How much did he have in 1860 compared to Commodore Vanderbilt, or A. T. Stewart, or George Peabody? The Northern people saw long ago what we were just beginning to see before the war came upon us—that it was not in the professions, but in trade, that power was to be secured. Their best intellects, their most accomplished young men went into banking-houses, into railroadings, into the counting-room."

### Bad for Texas.

A reign of terror prevails in Nueces, San Patricio, Live Oak, Refugio and part of Washington counties, Texas.—A band of about three hundred desperadoes, or self-styled "regulators," under the lead of Joseph Tunstemon and a man named Helm are cleaning out things generally. It is stated that one hundred and three men have been shot and cut to pieces by this band during the last two months.

### Bolton's Request.

The eleventh specification in the will of the late Wade Bolton, of Memphis, reads as follows:

"I give and bequeath the widow and children of General Thomas Jonathan Jackson, known as Stonewall Jackson, who fell at the battle of Chancellorsville, Virginia, ten thousand dollars, as history tells me his widow's furniture was sold after his death for debt."

Peaches are plenty in Philadelphia. Passing along one avenue, we are assured by a reporter, the odor "overwhelms in its fragrance everything in the olfactory similitude of a smell,"—even "the satanic stench of the heaped quintals of codfish."

Literatiens, whose house is brilliantly lighted with gas, says he'll give fond Memory a "whaling" if she brings the light of other days around him.

### Tribute of Respect.

Rien Springs, Chapter No. 83, Royal Arch Masons, convened in their Tabernacle on Thursday evening, the 12th day of August, Anno Inventiois, 2339, Anno Domini, 1869, by order of our Excellent High Priest, J. C. Abernathy, and a constitutional number of Companions being present, the Chapter was opened in due form.

Our Excellent High Priest stated in a brief but very impressive manner, the object of this special Convocation, announcing the death of our worthy Companion, JOHN D. CHARTIS, who departed this life this morning at 1 o'clock; that he had convened this Chapter for the purpose of taking such action as may be deemed appropriate as a tribute of respect to our lamented Brother and Companion.

Comp. Z. Rose introduced the following resolution, which was adopted:

Resolved, That Companion and Secretary J. D. Chartis be appointed to draft resolutions, expressing the sense of the Chapter and have the same published in the Athens Post.

By request, Comps. Z. Rose and J. C. Wesson were added to the committee on resolutions.

Called from labor to refreshment till Friday morning, 10 o'clock, when the committee on resolutions submitted the following report, which was unanimously adopted:

"It has pleased the Grand Architect of the Universe to remove from his sphere of usefulness here on earth, and place within the fourth veil, our beloved Companion, JOHN D. CHARTIS. It is right and proper that we, his Companions, should show our appreciation of his Masonic worth by a record of his virtues, so that those who may hereafter have access to our archives may read our estimate of the Man, the Brother and Companion, whose Masonic rectitude for the last twenty-five or thirty years, has shone as a bright beacon to the Craft, and who in the last moments of his existence expressed a firm belief in the power of the strength of the Lion of the tribe of Judah by unmistakable tokens.—Therefore,

"Resolved, That in the death of Companion JOHN D. CHARTIS, Chapter Masonry has sustained a heavy loss and the Companions a true, wise and well-tried friend.

Resolved, Though his death has plunged our Order in mourning and filled our hearts with grief; though his stricken family are overwhelmed with sorrow, which only time can assuage; yet, in looking back over his well-spent life, we can, for their consolation and for our own encouragement, "to go on in good works," point them to a chain of Masonic history in the life of our Companion, every link of which is bright.

Resolved, That although our irreparable loss is his inestimable gain, we have the mournful pleasure of pointing the young craftsmen to the bright record of one whose life was a landmark and whose death was a triumph—who never by word or deed, derogated from the character of a "Most Excellent Master."

R. E. SMITH,  
Z. ROSE,  
J. C. WESSON,  
Committee.

### Tribute of Respect.

At a regular communication of Hiram Lodge, No. 188, held in the Lodge room in Calhoun, on Saturday the 14th day of August, 1869, the undersigned having been appointed a committee to report resolutions expressive of the feelings of the Lodge upon the announcement of the death of our beloved brother, SAMUEL WORKMAN, Senior, reported the following, which were unanimously adopted:

Brother, the destroyer has been in our midst again, and this time a father in our Israel has fallen! This evening, at his home, near this place, surrounded by his friends, and in the midst of his children, his grand children, and his great grand children, Samuel Workman, Senior, closed his long, eventful and useful life. He had passed more than the three score years, and ten allotted him in his pilgrimage here below.

Born in Green county, Kentucky, on the 25th day of March, in the year 1795—he moved to McMinn county, Tennessee, in 1822, and soon became one of the first men of the county. Our people showed their confidence in his moral and intellectual worth by electing him to the responsible position of Clerk of the Circuit Court for sixteen consecutive years, and never did he betray the trust reposed in him.

He was made a Mason in Meridian Sun Lodge in the year 1826 and the records of that Lodge will show how much confidence his Masonic brethren reposed in him.

He moved to this vicinity in 1845, and was one of the charter members of our Lodge and its first Senior Warden, and he was also one of its Past Masters. In all the responsible stations he occupied he ever proved himself faithful and worthy. But the old man is gone—gone home to rest; and while we feel that we have lost a friend, we mourn not as those who have no hope. Therefore, be it

Resolved, That in the death of brother Workman, an honest man, a good neighbor, a generous friend and a worthy Mason is lost to us; that his memory will long be cherished in our hearts; that we sincerely sympathize with his bereaved family and relatives; that we wear the usual mourning for thirty days; that these resolutions be spread upon record; that a copy of them be furnished his family and that they be published in the Athens Post and Cleveland Banner.

J. N. Aiken,  
B. F. MARTIN,  
JOHN D. LYLE,  
F. M. LIXER,  
Committee.  
F. M. LIXER, Sec'y.  
James Russ, editor of the Shelbyville Republican, died in that place last week.

### Interesting Letter from Mississippi.

Yazoo City, Aug. 16, 1869.

Editor Post: The contemplation of the beautiful picture drawn in my last was much more pleasant to me than the contemplation of my bill—soon after presented. The "score" was large, my resources unlike those of Cressus—hence I paid up and left Iuka Springs with regret.

En route to Yazoo City I stopped over at Holly Springs, Oxford, Water Valley, Grenada, Vaiden and Goodman—all on the Mississippi Central Railroad. The country I passed over is as fine as any you ever saw in your life—except East Tennessee. At Water Valley is published that spiest of sheets, the "Water Valley Eagle," by Captain Vowell, a gallant ex-Confederate soldier, who was prominently engaged while leading his men in a desperate charge on the enemy's works. It is decidedly one of the most fearless, outspoken and independent journals in the South. At Grenada is published the "Sentinel," edited by Col. Signaio, the President of the Mississippi Press Association. It is ably conducted.

Yazoo City is, as you know, on the right bank of Yazoo River, 110 miles from Vicksburg, in one of the best cotton-growing regions of the State. At one time it had an immense trade, some dozen or more boats being on the river, but since the completion of the Mississippi Central it is but ordinary—two or three boats only, and they sometimes with half a cargo. The citizens of Yazoo City are proverbial for their intelligence, hospitality and moral worth—and once for their wealth; but the war despoiled them of nearly everything they had, and those who once rolled in their carriages and revelled in luxury are reduced to painful want. "Carpet-baggers" are as abundant here as blackberry vines on the hills of East Tennessee. "Scalawags" are not so numerous, that class embracing only the "emancipated gentlemen of color." I had a negro pointed out to me the other day as holding two offices—one municipal and one county. Negro policemen are plenty in this "burg."

I conversed to-day with a gentleman from Vicksburg, who represents that city as going ahead rapidly in the march of improvement. Business and dwelling houses are springing up, immigration and wealth is pouring in, and the fall season promises to open with a revived energy. If Mississippi can succeed in elevating to the State Executive Judge Dent, her future is most promising. And that event is almost assured.

A larger cotton crop than usual was planted in this section—which is now ready for the pickers—and there will be a great revenue flow into the State therefrom, to be used in re-building the waste places and promoting improvements.

### Female Preachers.

A New York paper says: "Female preachers were a feature at the Round Lake Camp meeting. One of them, mounted on a log-house, made a sensation. 'Shame on you,' said she, 'shame on you, young woman, with that brazen head-gear, and that ungodly hump on your back! Where's the modesty that your mother taught you to carry through life with you?' [Here a very pretty girl vanished into the woods.] 'There's a full grown man, chewing a nasty, filthy weed that the pigs wouldn't touch. Next to godliness, young man, is cleanliness. If I didn't love the human race I do, bless God, I'd like to get down from this waggin and sicken you tobaccoer chawers with your nasty mouthfuls.'

### A Sympathising Young Jade.

An aged, gray-haired and decrepit Lathrop recently eloped from a Mississippi village with a nice young girl of fifteen, but the telegraph stopped them at New Orleans. When informed at the police station that the old fellow had a wife and family, the little beauty replied, "I know that, but don't see, they don't treat him well; and he's got the rheumatism and the asthma, and he's got a falling of the back; and, you see, I sorter pitied him, and him and me concluded we'd come away and live by ourselves."

### Lynch Law in Kentucky.

A dispatch from Cairo of the 18th says: The negro Baldwin, who was arrested here, and confessed having outraged Mrs. Benson, the wife of a clergyman near Paducah, was taken from the jail of that city yesterday before daylight by eighty armed men and hung to a tree at the cross-heads, in the suburbs, with a placard on his breast warning persons from cutting down the body.

### Ostrich Modesty.

A few days since a party of ladies at Stratford, Connecticut, essayed a bath at the beach. While frolicking amid the waters, a boat load of men came sailing by, and one of the maids, becoming frightened, made for the shore, throwing her skirts up over her head, like unto the pursued ostrich.

Jehial Slab says, that a perambulating squirrel constantly charged with tobacco juice, next to a barnyard, the nastiest thing he knows of.